

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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No. 24

Communicated by B. M. R.

THANKSGIVING.

BY RICHARD COE.

Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
To God, the gracious giver,
For every good that crowns our days,
Forever and forever:

For morning light and evening shade,
For tender blade and blossom;
For joy and sorrow equal made,
To glad and pain the bosom.

* * *
We thank Thee for all joy we feel,
We thank Thee for all sorrow;
We thank Thee for our present weal,
And trust Thee for the morrow.

* * *
We thank Thee, Father, for the gift,
All other gifts excelling,
That Thou dost oft our spirits lift
To be thine own indwelling.

We thank Thee for the Holy Book
That holds the best confession;
That Christ, thy Son, with pleading look,
Still maketh intercession.

Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
To God, the gracious giver,
For every good that crowns our days,
Forever and forever.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

Onward flows the Stream of Time,
Wave on wave, with course sublime,—
Rippling, bubbling, gurgling, foaming,
Bubbling, tinkling, singing on;
Rising, spreading, flooding, foaming,
Surging, billowing, ebbing—gone!
Now with gentle purling playing
O'er the pebbles of the rill;
Now with quiet motion straying
O'er bright sands, so blue and still;
Now with gurgling dimples ringing
Foam-bells, lily-like and fair;
Now, like mermaid, sweetly singing,
Parting trim the rushes' hair;
Or adown the mountain dashing,
Wreathing rainbows in the sun,
Streaming, beaming, sparkling, flashing,
Tumbling, falling, leaping, rushing,
Booming, thundering, echoing, crushing,
Crown'd with spray-clouds, torrents on.

Onward flows the Stream of Time,
From the dim, eternal mountains,
With a distant echoing chime,
Rising from their sun-light fountains;
Like a long gaunt wolf it speedeth
Through the patient shepherd's flock,
Flooding where the choice lamb feedeth,
Gulphing vale and scaling rock;
But amid the pastures still,
Sometimes flowing sweet in glee,
Like a gently-tinkling rill,
Playing rural minstrelsy.

Thus through every varied clime
Of chivalry, love, arms and song,
Onward flows the Stream of Time
With a broader current strong;
By the mill and by the cot;
By broad-acer lands, and yeoman's lot;
And through the town, where anvils ring,
And looms their wheels intricate fling.

On it flows, and pauses never;
Glory to its flushing tide;
Now an ocean, once a river,
How its billows leap in pride!

A STORY OF THE DEEP.

Early in the gray dawn of an autumn morning, the inhabitants of a small village on the Welsh coast were aroused by the news that a great ship had struck on the rocks, and was going down. A crowd soon collected on the beach, and saw that the crew were hastily getting into the boats, scantily clothed in whatever was at hand to throw over their night dresses.

When the boats left the ship, the villagers watched them with intense excitement as they came laboring through the heavy masses of water that came tumbling with a sullen roar upon the beach. After much peril and fright, and half drowned with spray, all safely landed. Parents sought out their children, and friends clasped each other, dreading lest, in the confusion, one should have been left behind. Each one found the other, and joined in fervent thanksgiving—all but one, a little girl of ten years old, who ran eagerly about from group to group, gazing on each face in evident distress, and then shrieking in piercing tones, "O, Minnie, Minnie! they have left Minnie behind!"

"Be thankful, child," said one, "that your own life is spared."

"No," said the little girl, choking with sobs, "I would rather have died with Minnie; I have nothing but Minnie."

"How came you to leave her?" asked another.

"We awoke with a great noise," said the little girl, "and I ran up to see what was the matter, and was going back to tell her, but some one put me in the boat, and I could not be heard for the noise; and then I thought perhaps they had taken her, too. O, do save Minnie!" cried the child, wild with distress.

"It is impossible, my dear," said a gentleman; "the ship is filling fast, and must soon go down."

Tears ran down the captain's face: "I have a wife and children," he said, "or I would risk my life for the little one; for they are two little orphans given into my charge to bring them from Australia to their uncle in England."

The child ran to a weather-beaten sailor, and clasped his knees: "You used to play with Minnie," she cried, "do save her, please do!"

"God help me! I will!" said the kind-hearted man, touched by the child's grief, and, quickly taking every precaution, he dashed out into the foam.

Sometimes they believed him lost, but he was a powerful, muscular man, and gallantly struggled on. Mary knelt trembling on the sand, hiding her face in her and silently praying for her sister, and not daring to look up, until a cheer from those around told her he had gained the ship. Calling out the name of "Minnie," a little voice from the saloon answered him, and he found her. Poor little thing! frightened at the rising water, she had climbed by a chair on to the table, and when the water covered the table, she had pulled the floating chair on to it; and as the water still rose, she was kneeling upon it, praying Jesus "to take her to heaven, and comfort poor Mary."

It was the work of a moment for the brave sailor to seize the child and begin to strive against the water, with her in his arms. Soon he reached the deck; the ship was filling so rapidly that a horrible fear seized him that they might both be sucked down with the sinking vessel. He strained every nerve, inspired with having rescued the child from death. She never doubted they would be saved, and clung to him with quiet confidence, sometimes on the top of a wave, then buried in its deep hollow. The noble fellow held out manfully, and was at last cast on shore, bruised and breathless, with his precious burden safe.

Words fail to tell the meeting of the two sisters; the rough men around sobbed like children at the sight.

Three years after the shipwreck, the two children were living at a pleasant home in Lincolnshire, very happy, with their aunt and uncle, who, having no children of their own, were glad to receive them. One sunny afternoon a rough looking man came up to the door, and asked to speak to "Miss Minnie." The maid

servant looked surprised, for he was dusty and travel-stained, and she spoke with a gruff voice: "You can't see her; she doesn't come to the like of you," said she.

"The like of me! why, what do you take me for?" asked the man with a smile.

"Why, a beggar, to be sure; and, I dare say, an impostor," answered the maid; to which a youth, who helped the gardener, responded by declaring—"Half those begging sailors are land-lubbers, who have never seen the inside of a ship."

How this talk might have ended I know not, had not Minnie at that moment looked out at a window, and, with a cry of joy, darted down stairs. You may imagine how the maid servant was surprised when she saw her young mistress fling her arms around the stranger's neck, and cover his dusty face with kisses. Then Mary came running down, too, with as warm a welcome. The aunt and uncle were delighted to see the brave sailor, and begged him to stay at their house whenever he remained on shore.

When this tale was told to me, the brave man was still living, and never failed, after each voyage, to go and see his young friend.

The best of all is, Minnie is now remarkable for her faith and trust in God; and on the fly-leaf of her bible she has this verse: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—*Early Days.*

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance. The French entered the city Sept. 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters. On that very day, several fires broke out; but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction. On the 18th the whole city appeared a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th, nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000. The Russians, at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the orders of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the orders of the governor, Koutoplin, acting, beyond all doubt, under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the governor would have ventured such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter for the winter. Ample precautions had been taken to ensure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city. In burning the French out of their proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames. The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000; and beyond this, it, in the end, involved the retreat in the dead of winter and the almost complete annihilation of the great French army. This act, which the Russians at the time repudiated, is now considered by them as their highest glory, the greatest example in history of national sacrifice for the destruction of an invader.

Appleton's Am. Cyc's.

In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days, when we feel as if we could take the great world into our arms. Then come gloomy days, when the fire will neither burn on our hearth nor in our hearts, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not of; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

USEFUL DEPARTMENT.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—*First.* Brush the dust off the piece to be cleaned, then apply with a brush a coat of gum arabic, about the consistency of thick office mullage, expose it to the sun or dry wind, or both. In a short time it will crack and peel off. If all the gum should not peel off, wash it with clean water and a clean cloth. Of course, if the first application does not have the desired effect, it should be applied again. *Second.* Make a paste with soft soap and whiting, wash the marble with it, and then leave a coat of paste upon it for two or three days. Afterward wash off with warm (not hot) water and soap.

TO MEND GLASS.—For mending valuable glass objects which would be disfigured by common cement, chrome cement may be used. This is a mixture of 5 parts gelatin to 1 of a solution of acid chromate of lime. The broken edges are covered with this, pressed together, and exposed to sunlight, the effect of the latter being to render the compound insoluble even in boiling water.—*Scientific American.*

GUM ARABIC.—What is it? After the rainy season in Morocco, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes down from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks, and transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. The harvest occasion is one of great rejoicing, and the people, for the time being, almost live on the gum, which is nutritious and fattening.

PLANTS thrive better in double flower pots than in single ones; that is, if the pot containing the plant is placed inside a larger one with earth between the two. The outer pot prevents the sun from striking with too great force on the inner one, and thus keeps the plant moist, and secures for its roots a more even temperature. Flower pots containing plants may be kept in boxes, the interstices between the pots being filled with sawdust. This arrangement is valuable in the heat of summer, for the box shades the pots from the rays of the sun, and sawdust retains moisture around the plants.

FLOWERS.—All lovers of flowers must remember that one blossom allowed to mature, or "go to seed," injures the plant more than a dozen buds. Cut your flowers, then, all of them, before they begin to fade. Adorn your room with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers, or exchange favors with those who have. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.

FROSTED FEET.—A writer in the "Journal of Commerce" says the following is a simple but effectual remedy for curing frosted feet, and that it will afford immediate relief: Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub it all over the foot. The juice of the onion will dry into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done for a few times, it is almost certain to effect an entire cure.

CORNS.—Dr. Barbier, says the "Lyons Medical Journal," reports the cure of the most refractory corns by the morning and evening application, with a brush, of a drop of a solution of the per-chloride of iron. After a fortnight's continued application, without pain, a patient who had suffered for nearly forty years from a most painful corn on the inner side of each little toe, was entirely relieved. Pressure was no longer painful, and Dr. B. believed the cure radical.

A little camphere dropped between the neck and stopper of a glass bottle will render the latter easily removed if jammed fast.

General Washington's remedy for sore throat is said to have been onions boiled in molasses.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

A HEALTHY PLACE.

A lady went to Minnesota to recuperate her health. She lost no opportunity in stating that fact. She did not hesitate to enter into conversation with any person with whom she came in contact, giving advice to the invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced with the introductory inquiry, "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at the dinner table of the Metropolitan one day, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Yes, madam, I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs—in fact, my bones were but little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle, nor the use of a single faculty."

"Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed the astonished auditor, "and you lived?"

"I did, Miss, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependant upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since; hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful case!" said the lady, "but do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed so little vitality that but for the most careful nursing, they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends, sir."

"Indeed, I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my greatest prostration."

"How sad! Pray what was your diet and treatment?"

"My diet was the simplest possible, consisting only of milk, that being the only food my system would bear. As for treatment, I depended entirely on the life-giving properties of Minnesota air, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very restless. My improvement dated from my arrival. My limbs soon became strong, and my voice came to me slowly, and a full set of teeth, regular and firm, appeared."

"Remarkable! Miraculous! Surely, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh?"

"Madam, I weighed but nine pounds! I was born in Minnesota. Good day, madam."

ONLY A BABY.

TO A LITTLE ONE JUST A WEEK OLD.

Only a baby,	Only a baby,
'Thout any hair,	Teeth none at all;
'Cept just a little	What are good for,
Fuz here and there.	Only to squall?
Only a baby,	Only a baby,
Name you have none—	Just a week old—
Barefooted and dimpled,	What are here for,
Sweet little one.	You little scold?

BABY'S REPLY.

Only a baby!	What'n I dood for,
What should I be?	Did you say?
Lots 'o big folks	Eber so many sings,
Been little like me.	Ebery day.
Ain't dot any hair?	'Tourse I squall sometimes,
'Es I have, too;	Sometimes I bawl;
S'pos'n I hadn't,	Zey dassant span me,
Dess it tood drow.	'Taus I'm so small.
Not any teeth?—	Only a baby!
Wouldn't have one;	'Es, sir, 'at's so;
Don't dit my dinner	'N if you only tood,
Gnawin' a bone.	You'd be one, too.
What am I here for?	'At's all I've to say;
'At's pretty mean;	You're mos' too old;
Who's dot a better right	Dess I'll dit into bed,
'T ever you've seen?	Toes dittin' cold.

A MORAL LESSON.

A Jewish wife was just about to be divorced from her husband, on account of his infidelity. She was sitting alone, one day, during one of his absences. She was then in the act of looking at a picture of a man, who was the artist's brother, and who had been the first of the Jewish people to be converted to Christianity. She was looking at it with a great deal of interest, and was about to put it away, when she saw a young man, who was a Christian, and who was the artist's brother, standing in the doorway, and looking at her. She was so much surprised, that she did not know what to say, and she looked at him for a long time, without saying a word. He then came in, and she told him what she was looking at. He then told her that he was the artist's brother, and that he was the first of the Jewish people to be converted to Christianity. She then told him that she was about to be divorced from her husband, and that she was looking at a picture of a man, who was the artist's brother, and who had been the first of the Jewish people to be converted to Christianity. He then told her that he was the artist's brother, and that he was the first of the Jewish people to be converted to Christianity. She then told him that she was about to be divorced from her husband, and that she was looking at a picture of a man, who was the artist's brother, and who had been the first of the Jewish people to be converted to Christianity. He then told her that he was the artist's brother, and that he was the first of the Jewish people to be converted to Christianity.

A WORD ABOUT MARRIAGE.

A physician writes the following: "My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that God never gave man a greater proof of His love than to place woman here with him. My advice is, go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she says 'Yes,' tell her how much your income is, from what source derived, and tell her you will divide the last shilling with her, and love her sincerely in the bargain; and then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you didn't marry sooner. Gentlemen, don't worry about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You won't deserve her, I know, but she will never know it. Now throw aside pride and selfishness, and see what will come of it."

Fanny Fern said: "If one half the girls only knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." The Boston Post then asks: "If the men knew, Fanny, what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it still further increase the list of old maids?"

The following is from one of our exchanges, and therefore we cannot vouch for the truth of it: "If a young man sits up late with his sweetheart at Haddonfield, the old folks come into the parlor, and, with a refinement of sarcasm, invite him to wait a few minutes longer, and breakfast will be ready."

A Michigan auctioneer, while crying, "Going, going, gone," recently, dropped dead as the last word was uttered.

A distiller in New Hampshire makes his employees sign the Temperance Pledge.

The Puzzle, No. 11, in the BASKET of last month, has been solved by one person, and partially so by another. It is done by transposing the letters.

According to the story, as published in the "Asbury Park Journal," the old man once had a wife; but from some cause she determined to leave him. So one night she quietly slipped off, and he never saw her afterwards, nor could he ever learn where she had gone. After she had left, he found a piece of white paper on the floor, containing the following:

THIS ANCIEN
TGABBLER IS
A REGULAR FR
AUD AND WILL
TALK YOU TO D
EATH IF YOU W
ILL LEETH IMB
EWARE OF HIM

"This ancient gabbler is a regular fraud, and will talk you to death if you will let him. Beware of him!"

The writer says, "He was known to be an inveterate talker, and some person had given him this paper as much for a warning to those who met him as anything else. By constant folding and unfolding it had finally separated into four pieces. These pieces the old man had pasted together again; but in his ignorance he had reversed them, making the upper right hand piece appear in the lower left hand corner, and vice versa, [as given in the last month's number of the BASKET.] 'I've kept it,' said he, 'and know'd that I could find somebody that would tell me what it was, and I rather reckon it'll tell me wher' she is.' When I gave him his paper again, I shook my head, and told him that I could give him no encouragement; that I knew not where 'she' was. He gazed at me for a moment with an expression of despair, and muttered, 'jist 'zackly like the rest on 'em.'"

Solutions to the Enigmas in last No. No answer was received to the first one. To the last one we received correct solutions.

No. 12.]—Cross word, "Rainbow"

No. 13.]—"Springfield Republican."

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Haddonfield, May 18, 1876.

THE "BASKET"

SUSPENDED.

The present Number of the "Basket" closes up the second year of its publication. We have not decided upon any plan for its future, but for the present we propose to suspend its publication, at least for a time.

We have done what we could to give the people of the town a newspaper for the purpose of ventilating their own little matters and letting the outside world know that there is such a place as Haddonfield. But our subscription list is not sufficient to warrant its continuance at present, the cost having been considerably more than the income during the two years of its publication. We may issue a number occasionally as an advertising sheet, or when we wish especially to ventilate some subject of interest to the people.

Our subscription list embraces all the liberal minded and most prominent and leading ladies and gentlemen of the town, who are ever ready to favor whatever they believe to be for the good of the town. We are proud of such a list, and return our thanks to them for their kindness and liberality of spirit.

In some towns and villages, prominent and wealthy men contribute hundreds of dollars towards starting and maintaining a newspaper, knowing that there is no other way so well calculated to bring their town into notice, and to hold its place among its rivals.

We circulate nearly twice as many of the "Basket" outside of Haddonfield as we do in it, and have made the name of the town known, far and near, in places where it probably was never heard of before.

We shall now have more time to devote to JOB AND CARD PRINTING,

Which is more remunerative, and will be pleased to oblige our friends, and all who may see proper to favor us with their orders. The work will be done with promptness, and every effort made to give satisfaction as to both WORKMANSHIP and PRICES.

BILLS.—With the present No. of the BASKET we send bills to such as stand indebted on our books. Mr. David D. Middleton will receive any money for us, where persons may find it more convenient to pay it to him than to the publisher.

THE CONCERT,

Given by the "Haddonfield Music Circle," under the direction of Prof. Henry Pomeroy, on the evening of the 4th inst., was a very pleasant affair, and a successful one. The Church (Presbyterian) was well filled, and the singing good—some of it excellent. The instrumental music was also to be commended. That old fashioned tune, "The Last Rose of Summer," was performed charmingly on the violoncello, by Prof. Engelke, and the trio on the violoncello, flute and piano, was a fine performance—in which our young friend, the flutist, notwithstanding his great innate modesty, did much credit to himself and the music. The piano duet was also good. The two anthems were given with much spirit; and one could not help being impressed with the fact that there is so much more of grandeur and sublimity in sacred than in secular music. The pieces called "Spring's delights," "Cantilena," and "Forest Echoes," may be mentioned as being very commendable, both as to the music and the singing.

Messrs. Jos. S. Clement and R. Elmer Clement are about to open a Boot and Shoe store in the old Tailoring establishment, formerly occupied by the late Chas. Lippincott, on Main street, Haddonfield. Their stock will embrace both fine and common goods, both for men and women, and efforts will be made to accommodate all tastes, as well as purses.

RAILROADS AND THE SABBATH.

TOWN MEETING.

A meeting was held in this town on Saturday evening, the 30th ult., with a view of considering the feasibility of greater Railroad facilities between Haddonfield and Philadelphia, although we now have 10 or 11 trains daily each way, except Sundays, when there is one train down and one up, to and from Atlantic City, stopping at the way stations.

Among other matters discussed, as we understand, was the question of running a train on Sunday to the city in the morning and back in the evening—and several of those present favored the movement. It might be very pleasant and convenient for some of us to spend a portion of the Sabbath day occasionally in the city; but as the plea of necessity cannot in this case be urged, for thus further desecrating the day, we cannot understand how any one professing to be guided by the laws and precepts of the bible, can advocate such a measure.

There are more words used in the Old Testament, and more reasons assigned, for observing the Sabbath than for any other law in the decalogue; and for the benefit of such as seldom or never see or read it where it first appears in the bible, we give it here as an extract from the 20th chapter of Exodus:

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days, the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

This is very explicit; and Christ, in his sermon on the mount, in the New Testament, says, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." Unfortunately, however, there is always a very large proportion of the community—always have been and we suppose always will be—who seem to make it more of a study how to break laws, both human and divine, than to obey them. There is now even a clergyman in Philadelphia, professing to teach God's word, who takes an active part and presides at meetings having in view the opening of the Centennial grounds on the Sabbath day; but as he belongs to a denomination that repudiates the essential and only feature that gives value to Christianity, there is nothing very surprising in his conduct.

But when professed clergymen, and leading or prominent men and officers in the churches, who profess to be guided by Christian principles, advocate the desecration of the Sabbath, by opening places of business and amusement, and running cars on that day, what can be expected from the masses, who have but little or no true regard for the bible or sacred things?

Again, a great deal is said about the "poor" being deprived of their Sunday excursions, &c. But it is no matter about the "poor" conductors, engineers, brakemen, firemen, station men, &c. O, no! they need no rest. We understand many of them get very little of it now, and they'll get still less if compelled to run on Sunday.

Some evil-minded person went into the sheds of the Baptist Church in this town on Tuesday evening, May 10th, where Mr. Abel H. Tomlinson had left his team temporarily, and cut and ruined his harness. He has offered a reward of \$50 for information leading to the detection of the person committing this outrage.

The new Railroad from Camden to Atlantic City, it is said, will be "put through" at an early day, at least as far as Haddonfield, and there is a rumor that negotiations are pending for a property near the centre of the town for the new depot.

Mr. C. Baker was badly bitten a few days ago by a cross dog, at a place where he had called on business. Cross dogs should be chained up.

Mr. C. Hillman is having a neat looking house built on Union street, adjoining his brother Benjamin's. Mr. C. Baker is the builder.

We can't see any propriety in urging the Railroads to run at ruinous prices to oblige the Centennial people. There are other interests to look after besides their's. Stockholders may feel some interest at stake.

The great Centennial Exhibition opened with much show and parade on the 10th inst., as arranged months ago. It is estimated there were 150,000 people present, of which but 76,217 paid the entrance fee. The average since, up to Monday, inclusive, has been about one or a little over 12,000 pay admissions per day—this average not very greatly exceeding the attendance at many of the Moody and Sankey meetings.

Some of the restaurants have been charging enormously, although the tendency in the price of provisions at the present time is downward.

That odious little ten cent arrangement on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, we understand, is still continued—a small business. We very much doubt whether the law would sustain the company in this matter where there are no offices at which persons can purchase tickets before entering the cars.

Mr. Dan'l Norcross has sold out his entire interest in the Oddfellow newspaper, the "New Age," published in San Francisco, Cal., to Frank B. Austin, who has been its editor for some time past.

We have received a copy of a fac simile of the original Declaration of Independence, published by Leggo Bros. & Co., New York.

If the Centennial Exhibition costs \$7,500,000, the amount claimed to complete it, in order simply to realize this sum it will be necessary for 15,000,000 people to visit it once, at the price of admission, 50 cents; and as the time is confined to 158 days (from May 10 to Nov. 10, deducting Sundays, on which it will be closed,) it will require the daily attendance of nearly 95,000 people. From these figures the resident citizen may form some idea of the crowd and bustle in our city during the six months succeeding May 10.—*Pub. Ledger.*

The Mother's Magazine for May. This is an excellent periodical for the family. E. T. Farr, publisher, New York. \$1.60 a year.

By an act the Legislature of N. J., Justices of the Peace are required to give bonds to the amount of \$3,000.

104 buildings, it is said, have been erected at Atlantic City since last season.

MARRIED.

On the 19th ult., at the residence of the bride's mother, West Philadelphia, by Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, Dr. J. B. Hobensack, to Miss Laura Stebbins, both of Philadelphia.

DIED.

At Berlin, on the 28th ult., Samuel G. Shivers, M. D., in the 30th year of his age—a brother of Dr. B. Shivers, of this town. Interred in the Baptist Cemetery, Haddonfield.

At Medford, on the 20th ult., Charles E. Tole—a member of the family of that name in Haddonfield.

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Temperance Dining Rooms,
R. W. CLARK, 51 North 6th st.

An amusing incident has come to light, musty with age, of the march of the British through old Cambridge, Mass., to Concord. Passing a field where an old man was sowing seed, one of the red-coats, in jest, said to him:

"You may sow, but we shall reap."
"Well, perhaps you may," replied the native, "for I'm sowing hemp."

The honesty which has made New England famous is breathed in with its mountain air. A Danbury man thought he heard some one after his turkeys one Saturday night. He went out with his gun in time to send a load of shot after a retiring figure. The next morning, he called on his next door neighbor, and asked a little girl where her mother was. "She's in the other room, pickin' shot out of pa's back," said the child.

A MATTER OF POPULAR INTEREST.

We condense from the *Lehigh Register* the substance of a conversation about Oak Hall, in Philadelphia, Wanamaker & Brown's "Largest Clothing House in America." A visitor and attendant are the speakers:

Visitor: "What corner is the Building on?"
Attendant: "South-East corner of 822d and Market. Please note the SIXTH, for some strangers seeking Oak Hall, have been misled by designing persons."

V. "It is perfectly colossal! Do you know its dimensions?"

A. "12,000 square feet—66 on Market, and 150 odd on Sixth, six stories high, has over three acres of flooring, and covers space once occupied by more than twenty different business places."

V. "Do you use steam-power?"

A. "A giant young engine furnishes power for freight and passenger elevators, and the boilers steam for heating, and the other operations of the house."

V. "What order do you take with goods?"

A. "They are first opened and arranged in the basement, on long low counters, and taken thence on the freight elevator to the inspection room on the floor."

V. "Is inspecting the first operation?"

A. "No, sir, measuring. The goods are first measured in the piece, then inspected. The cloth passes over rollers in the face of a strong light, and two men sit, one before and one behind the goods, watching with the eye of a hawk for the least pin-hole imperfection, and marking every flaw, so that the cutter may see and avoid it when he comes to cut the garments."

V. "You must employ an army of cutters?"

A. "Come to our fifth floor and see! We keep bands all the time cutting up the cloth into garments—besides the machines that do a dozen men's work each at a stroke."

V. "Do you manufacture all your own goods?"

A. "We do, and most carefully. Our examiners inspect every stitch and seam, and certify to every garment as extra-well made before we put our ticket on it, and become responsible for it."

V. "Your system must save you a great deal?"

A. "In every direction, sir. It is the system and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "After inspecting the work, what becomes of it?"

A. "Before it goes into stock it is ticketed. Every single garment has its number and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "You must have 50 or 40 salesmen?"

A. "Why sir, on busy days you may see 100 in the various rooms and suites of rooms, selling to the throngs of customers."

V. "Do you do an order business, by mail and express?"

A. "Very great. All over the country. Our

perfect system and rules of self-measurement, make it possible to please people 2,000 miles away just as perfectly as if they were here in person."

V. "I suppose you have at least half a dozen different departments?"

A. "My dear sir, we have more than twenty, each chartered with its own business, and each thoroughly organized, a necessary wheel within the great wheel."

V. "Will you name a dozen or so of them?"

A. "With pleasure. The Custom Department, for those who prefer custom made to ready-made. The Furnishing Department, with its immense stock of all underwear. The Shirt Factory, with its busy machinery, making our own first-class shirts. The Trimming Department, itself as big as many a regular store. The Garment Stock Room. The Receiving Room. The Order Department, named before. The Special Uniforms Department. The Delivery Department, with its score of messengers. The—"

V. "Hold, hold! sir, enough!"

A. "I'm not half through! The Advertising Department, with its bill and sign distributors, editing and publishing a business and popular journal, circulating free 10,000 copies monthly (call all your friends and send for it). The Men's Department, with its many rooms. The Boys' Department. The Youths Department. The Children's Department, with its special entrance for ladies. The Telegraph Department. The Chief Clerk's Department, with its book-keepers and assistants. General Manager's Department; Financial's Office, and other offices of the firm all busy as bees thinking, planning, executing, buying, making, registering, receiving, sending out, selling, and in a thousand ways joining their forces to carry on a business with the people amounting to between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 annually."

V. "8-t-u-p-e-n-d-o-u-s!"

A. "Indeed it is! I forgot to name the Cashier's Department, which handles its \$25,000 of retail sales on some single days!"

V. "\$25,000! Immense! That's what enables the house to buy cheap and sell cheap?"

A. "Exactly! You have just hit it. The people throng here, knowing that we depend on low prices and immense sales."

V. "What are the 'FOUR RULES' I hear so much about?"

A. "Our system of business dealing—1. One price, no deviation; 2. Cash for everything; 3. A guarantee protecting the purchaser; 4. The money returned if the buyer can't otherwise be suited."

V. "Nothing could be fairer."

A. "Nothing. And the people see it."

V. "Well, I thank you, sir, for your polite attention."

A. "Not at all. It's a pleasure to serve you. Call again; and be sure of the place—Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, South-East corner Sixth and Market."

V. "Thank you! I shall be happy to do so. Good morning."

Haddonfield Library.

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